—For the islands in the sea, the fish and fishermen, the birds and guano miners, whose passages run deeper than the corridors of capital

Once upon
a time, among a nest of
islands was one made of sand in the
shape of a tooth. This was long
before the advent of
the atomic clock when gulls
and gannets came in flocks to
winter among coral, turtles, and warm
water. Fish they hunted returned as chalky
blue eggs and a moon crescent
field waxing gold white with
guano. Eggs hatched into
birds and the fields
swelled into bluffs
ringed by the dance
between Sun and Moon. Spun
by light, the tides gift ed fishermen
in boats, in ex change for safe passage. Listen:
The corridor does not click without this rhythm that comes
before all the corporations wielding many flags and
many tools, to gouge out the birds, the bluffs, the turtles.
Fighting over the fish and the precious minerals beneath
warm water. Long live the time beneath minerals, beneath
runways and concrete and stainless steel docks that home
the boats that grow into ships that glut the endless hunger
of the rich. The time when rich was each island and each island
was home in its flock. May time flood out the corridors: What is
broken can be rebuilt. All that was built can be torn apart.
At the center of each island made of sand is a base for a
false war. At the center of each war is a false shrine.
At the center of each shrine grieves a god who has
lost the rhythm ringing warm water. If you are
sent to the nest of islands, won't you return
to the heart of the tooth? Won't you
wait for the gannets and the gulls,
the turtles and the coral? Water
warms Sun and Moon. Jump
the clock. There you will
see all this time
we have been
waiting for
you.